PAUL HINDEMITH

SONATA

for Harp

(1939)

Price $2.00

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For Clelia Gatti - Aldrovandi

SONATA

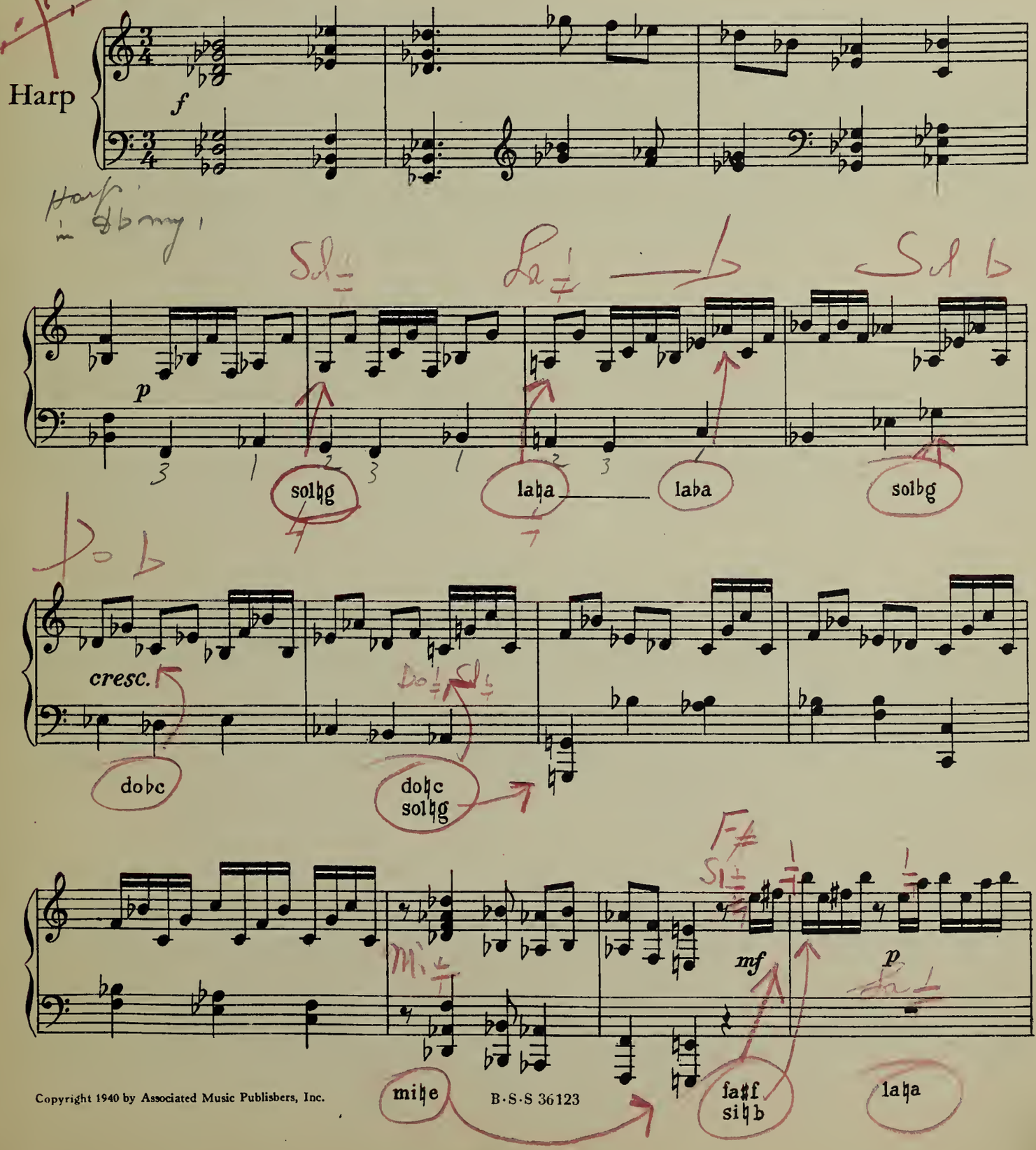
I

Paul Hindemith

1939

Pedals: sibb mibe / dobc fabf / rebd solbg / laba

Moderately fast (♩ about 92)



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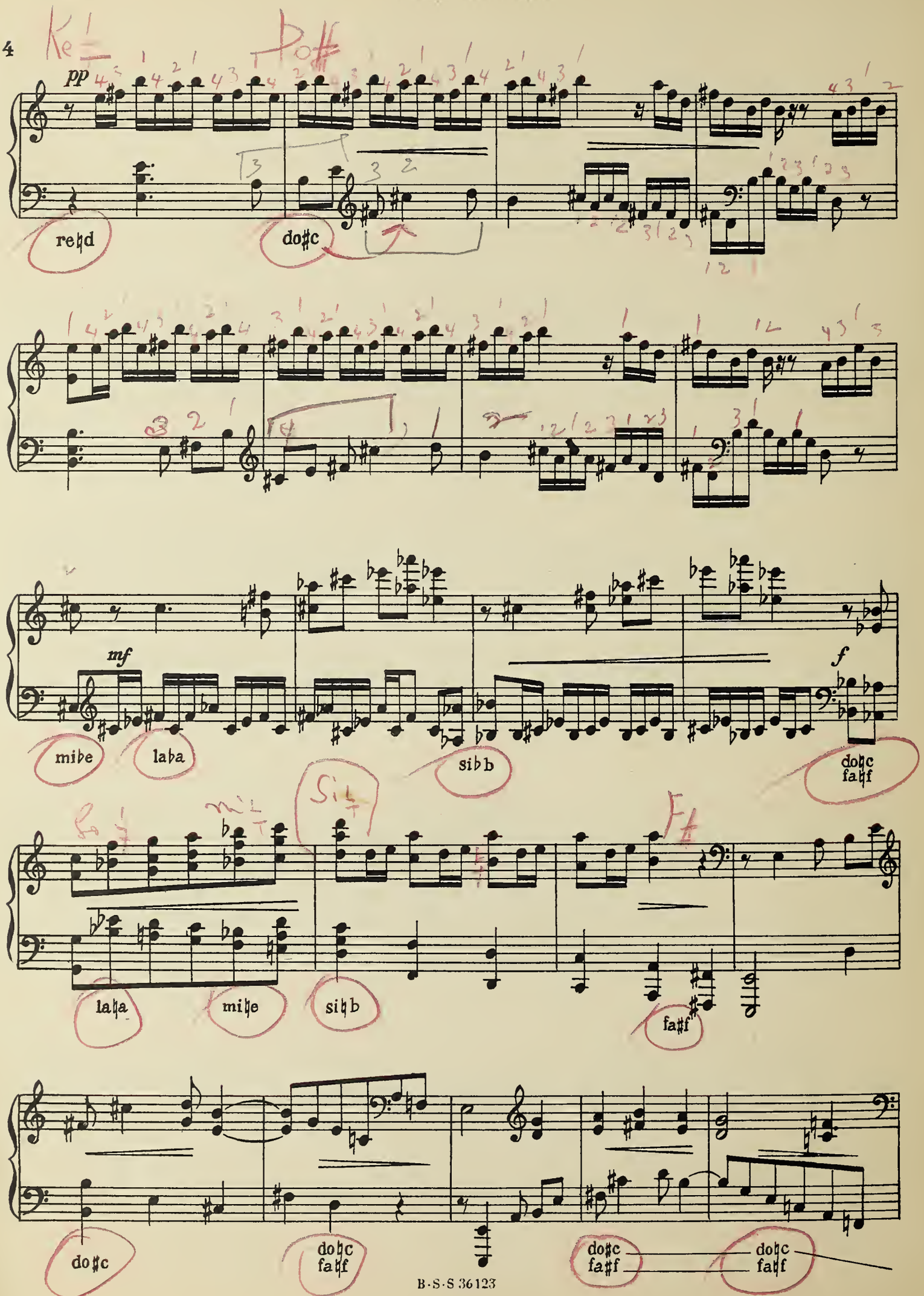
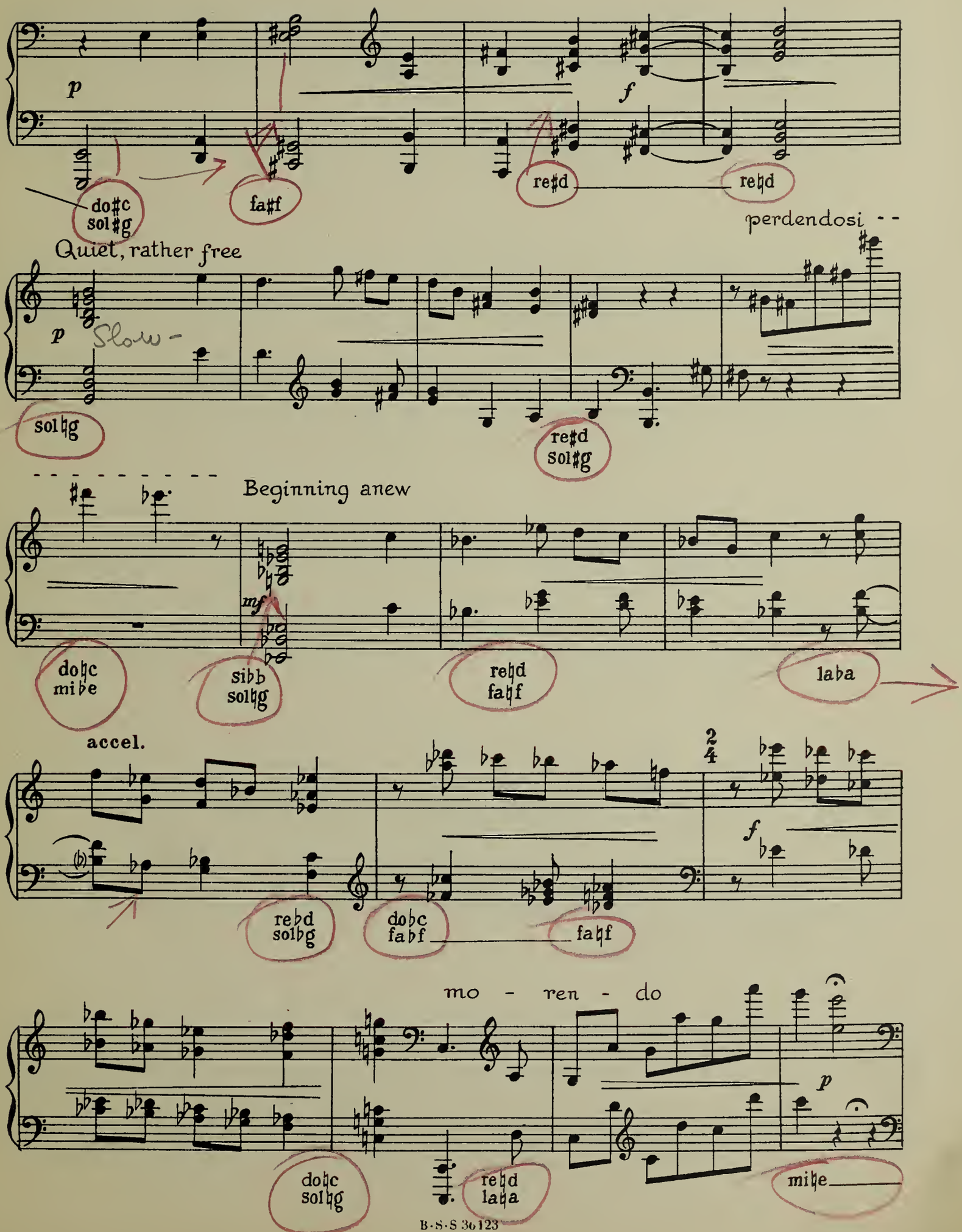
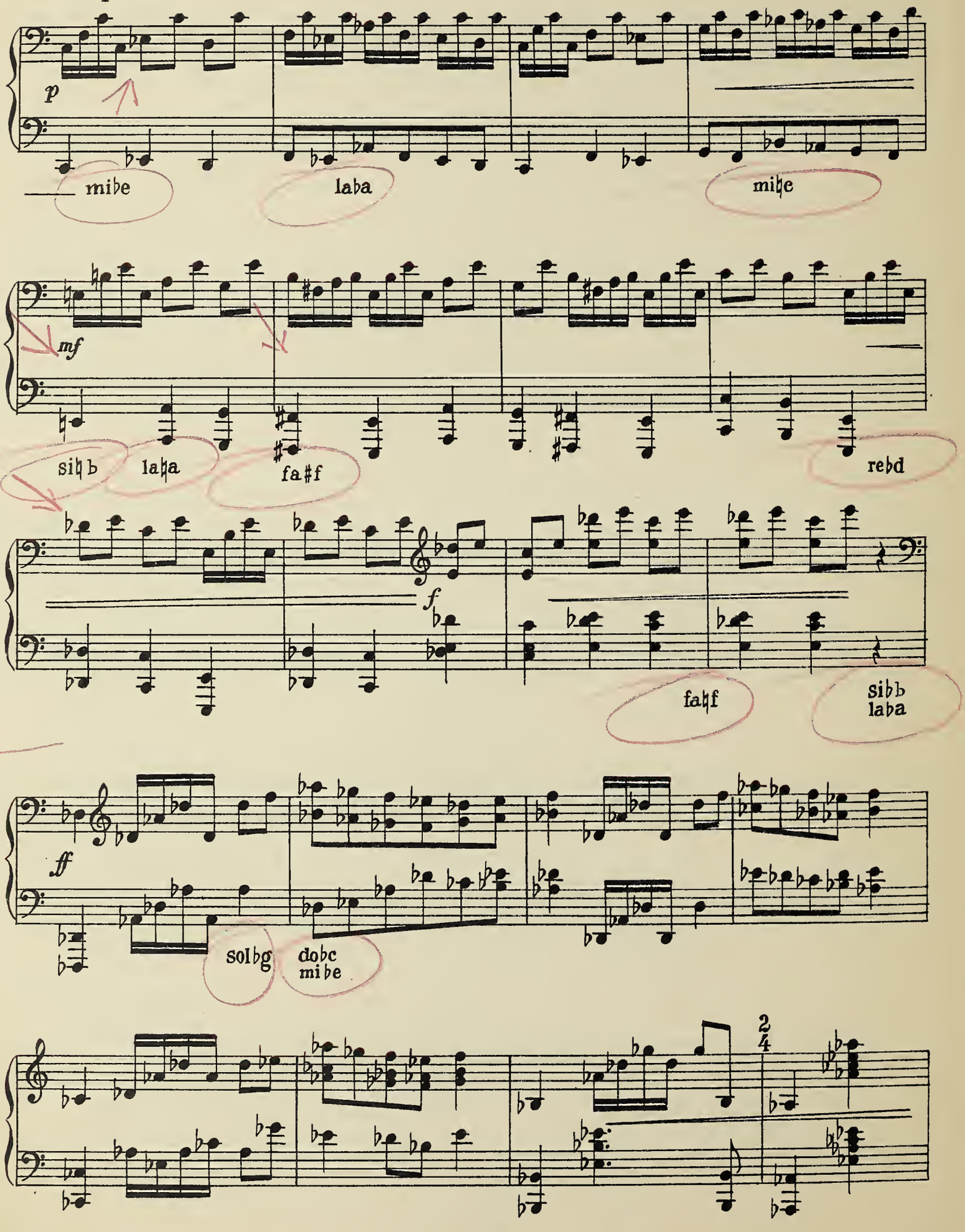

pp
reh d
do♯c
mf
mi♭e
la♭a
si♭b
f
do♯c
fa♯f
la♭a
mi♭e
si♭b
fa♯f
do♯c
do♯c
fa♯f
do♯c
fa♯f
do♯c
fa♯f

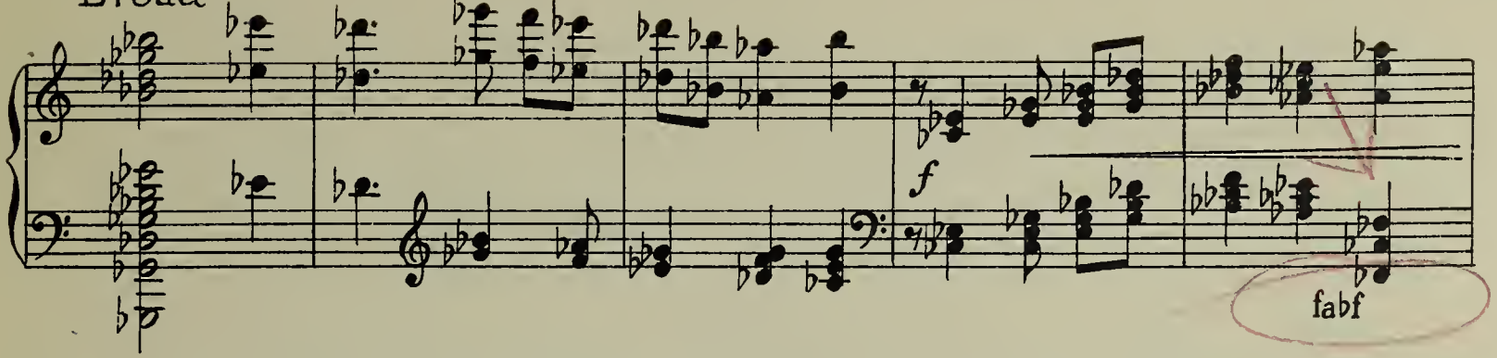
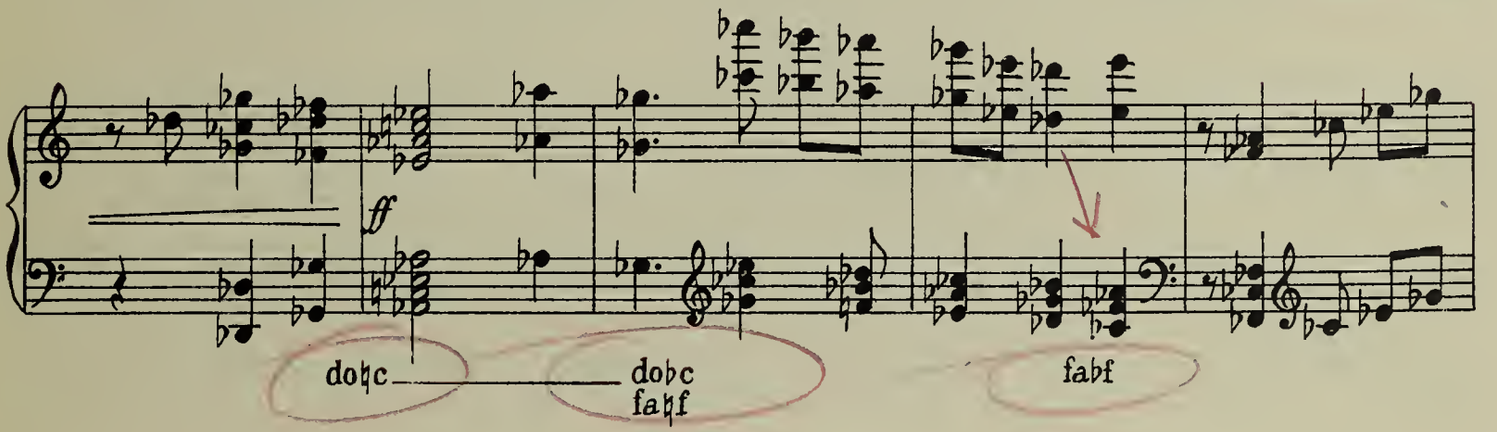
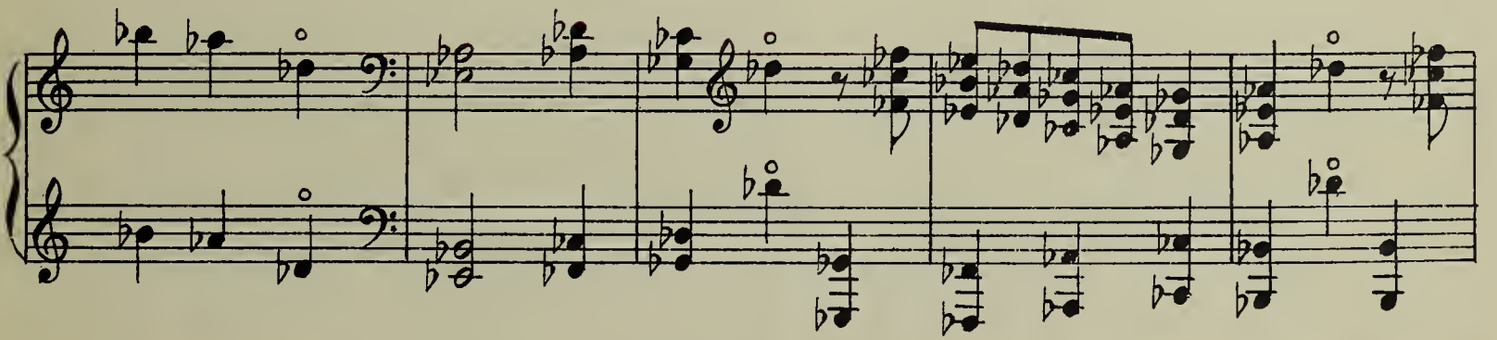
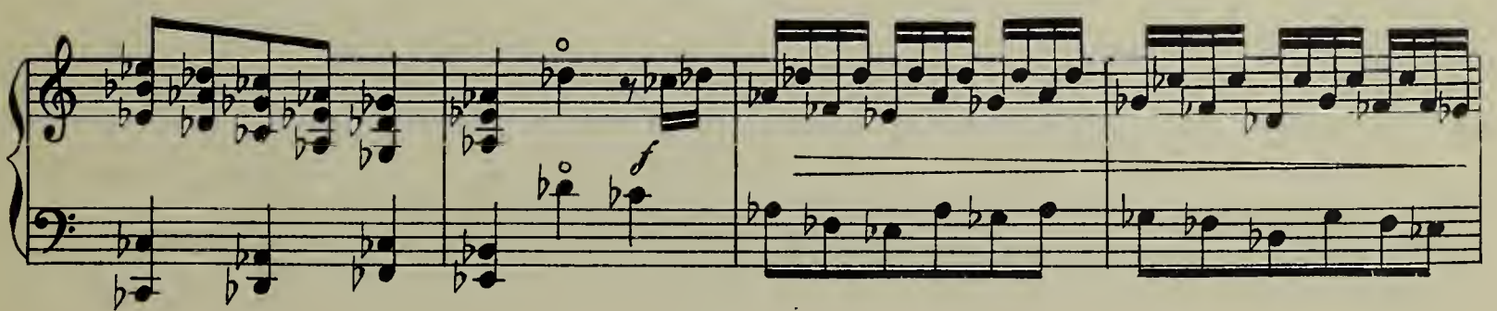
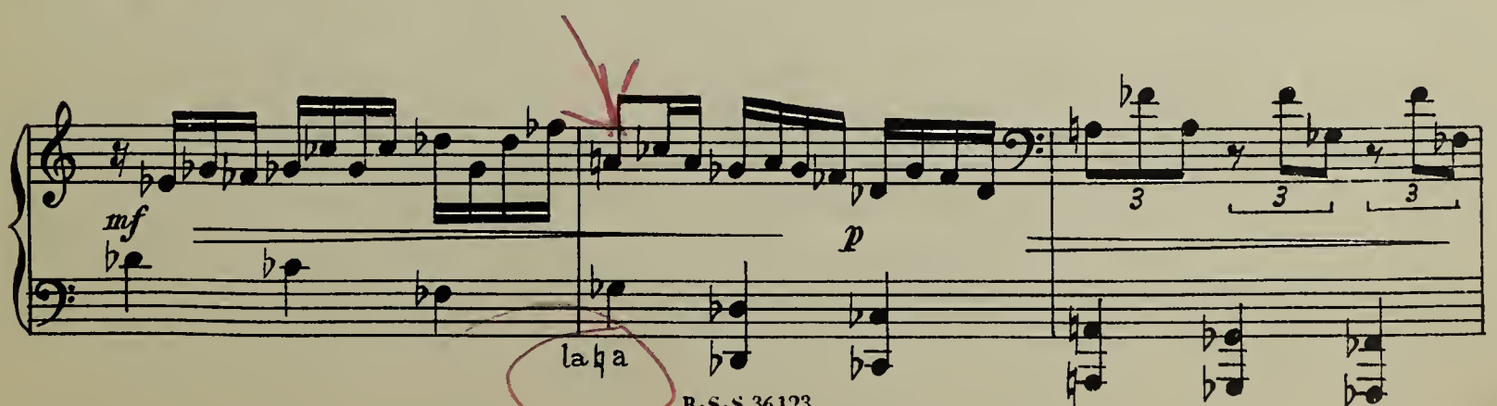

p
f
do♯c sol♯g
fa♯f
re♯d
re♮d
perdendosi - -
Quiet, rather free
p
Slow -
sol♮g
re♯d sol♯g
Beginning anew
mf
do♮c mi♭e
si♭b sol♮g
re♮d fa♮f
la♭a
accel.
2/4
f
re♭d sol♭g
do♭c fa♭f
fa♮f
mo - ren - do
p
do♮c sol♮g
re♮d la♭a
mi♮e

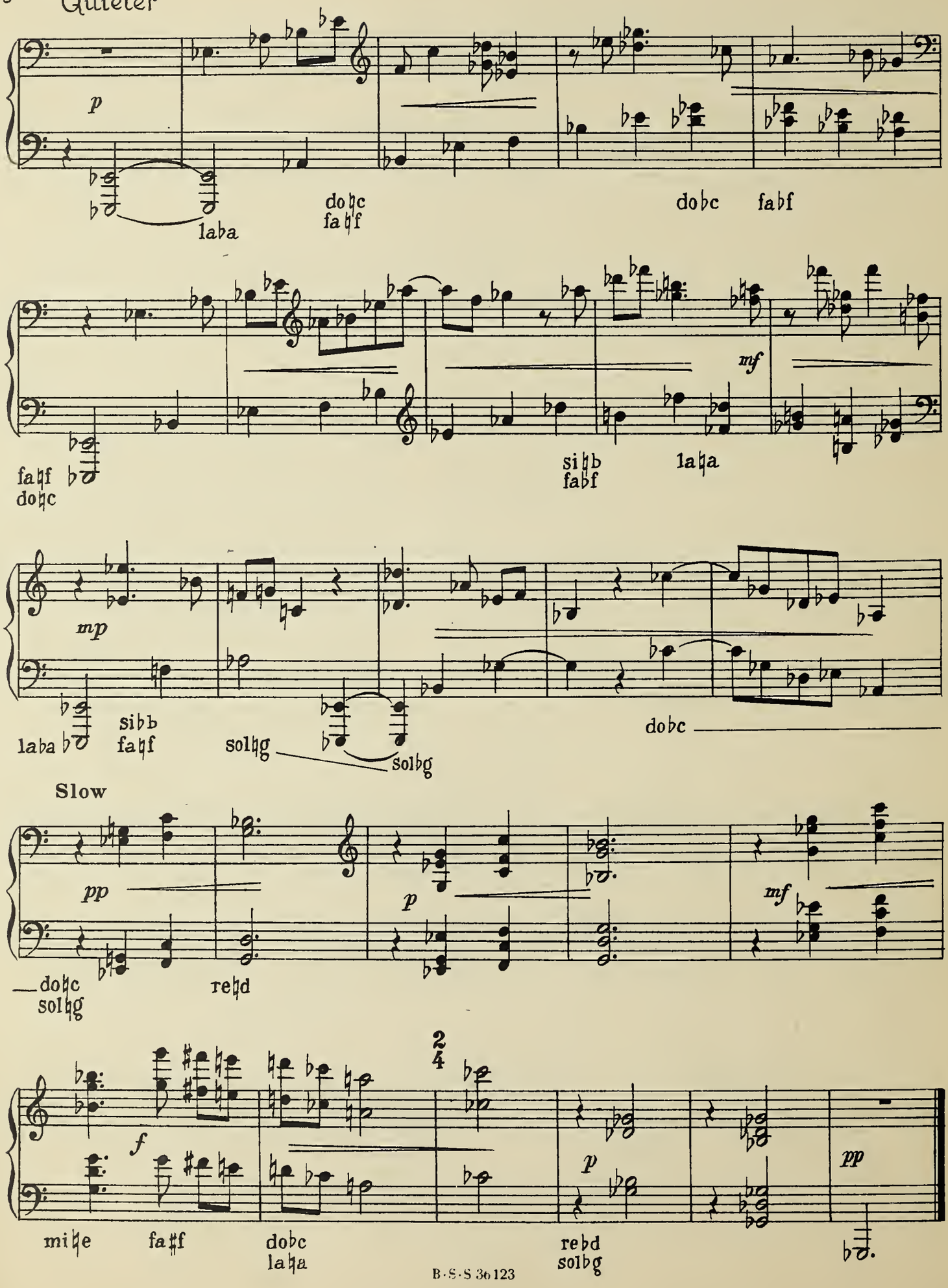
Tempo Iº



UPB

Largo

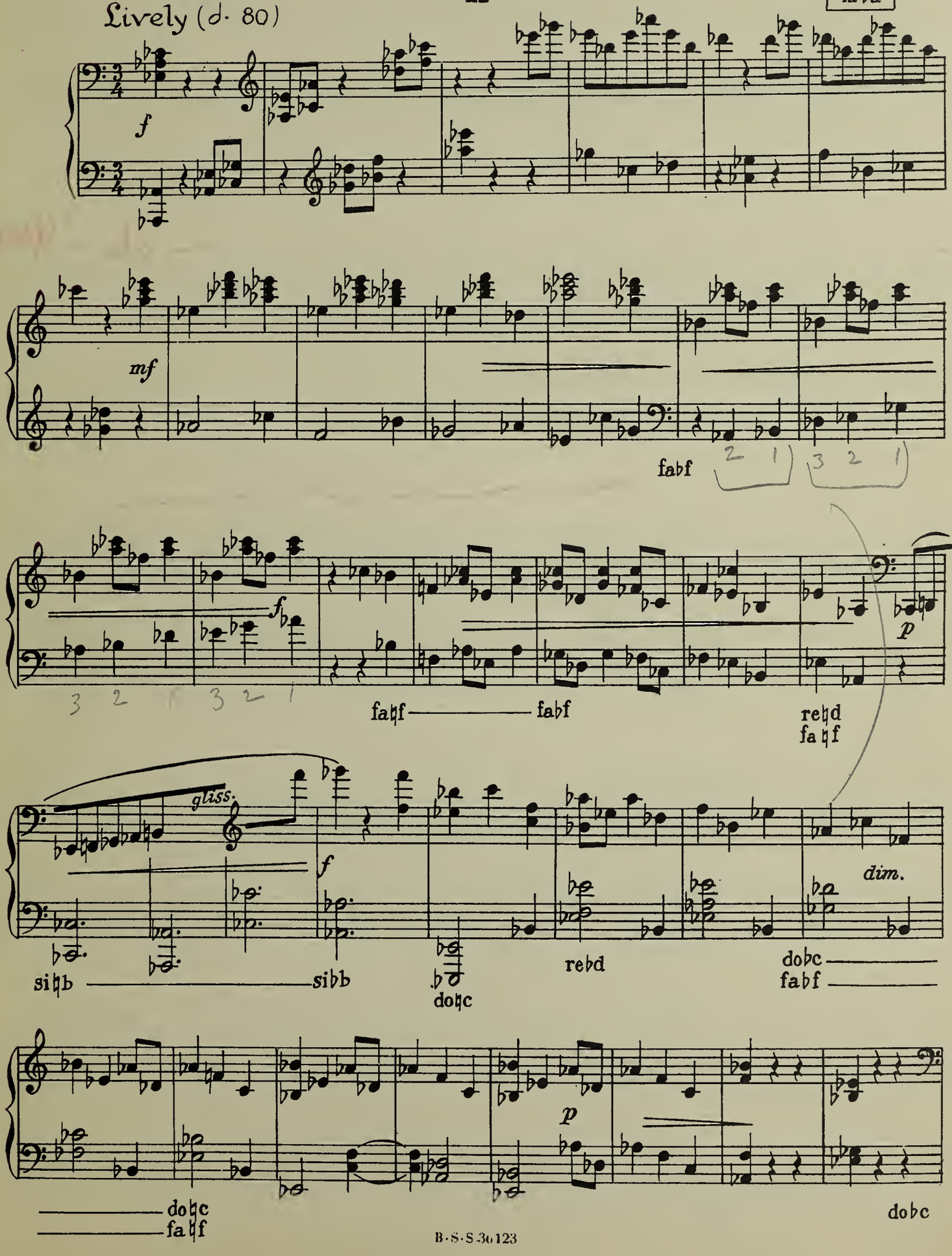
Broad

Tempo Iº



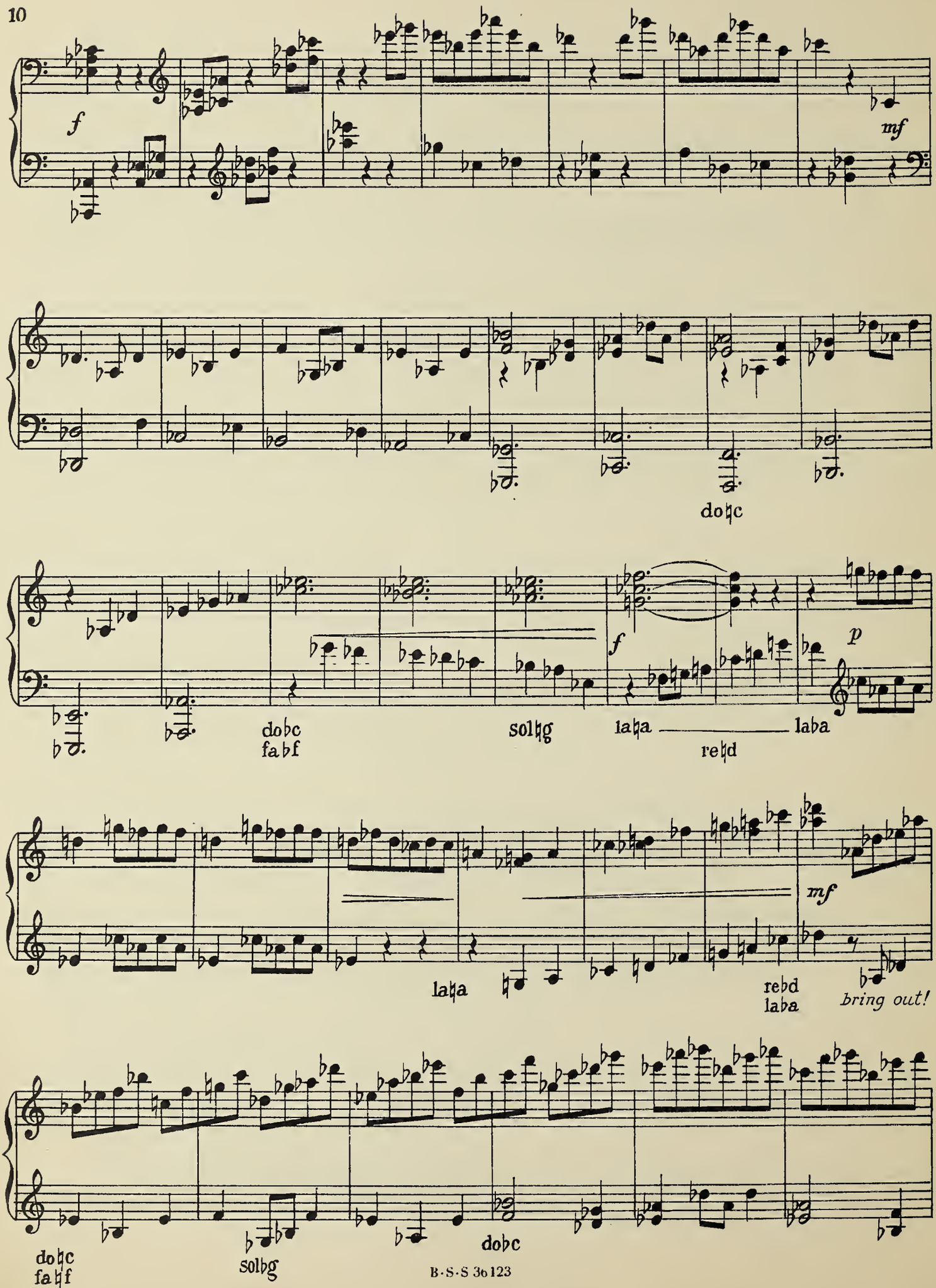

Quieter
p
laba
doꟾc
faꟾf
dobc
fabf
faꟾf
doꟾc
mf
siꟾb
fabf
laꟾa
mp
laba
sibb
faꟾf
solꟾg
solbg
dobc
Slow
pp
doꟾc
solꟾg
p
reꟾd
mf
f
miꟾe
faꟾf
dobc
laꟾa
2
4
p
rebd
solbg
pp

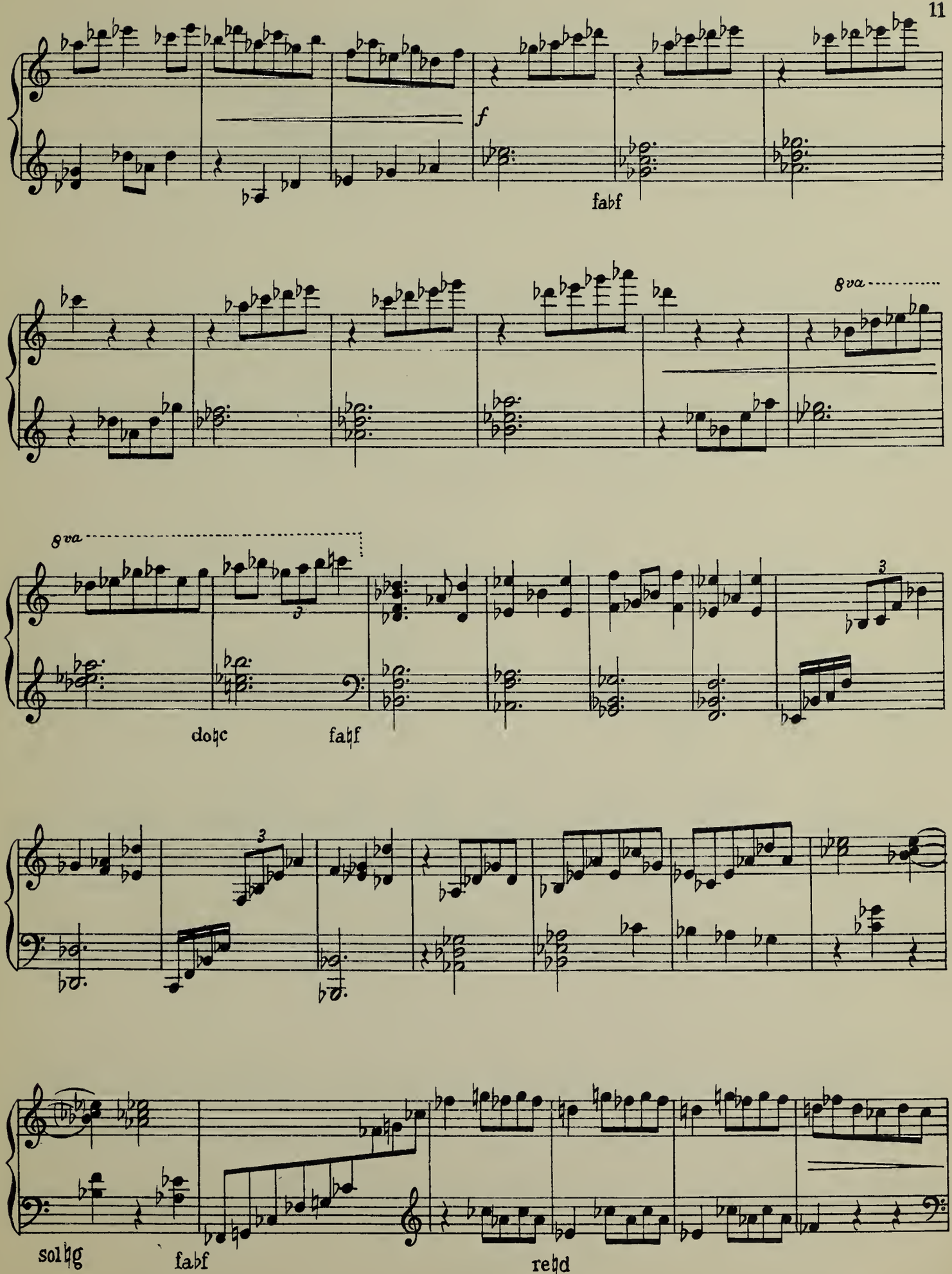
Pedals: si♭b mi♭e
do♭c fa♮f
re♭d sol♭g
la♭a

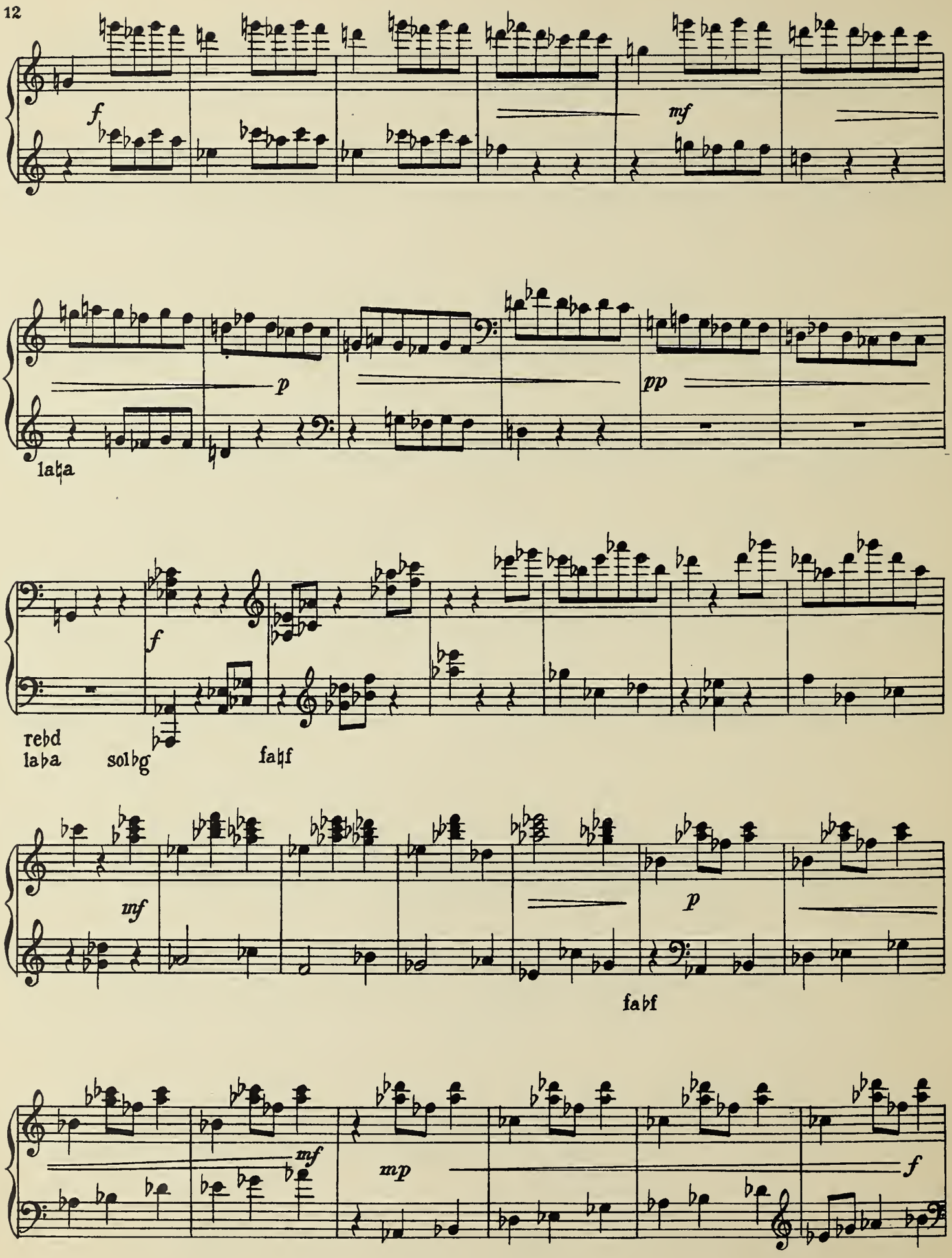
II

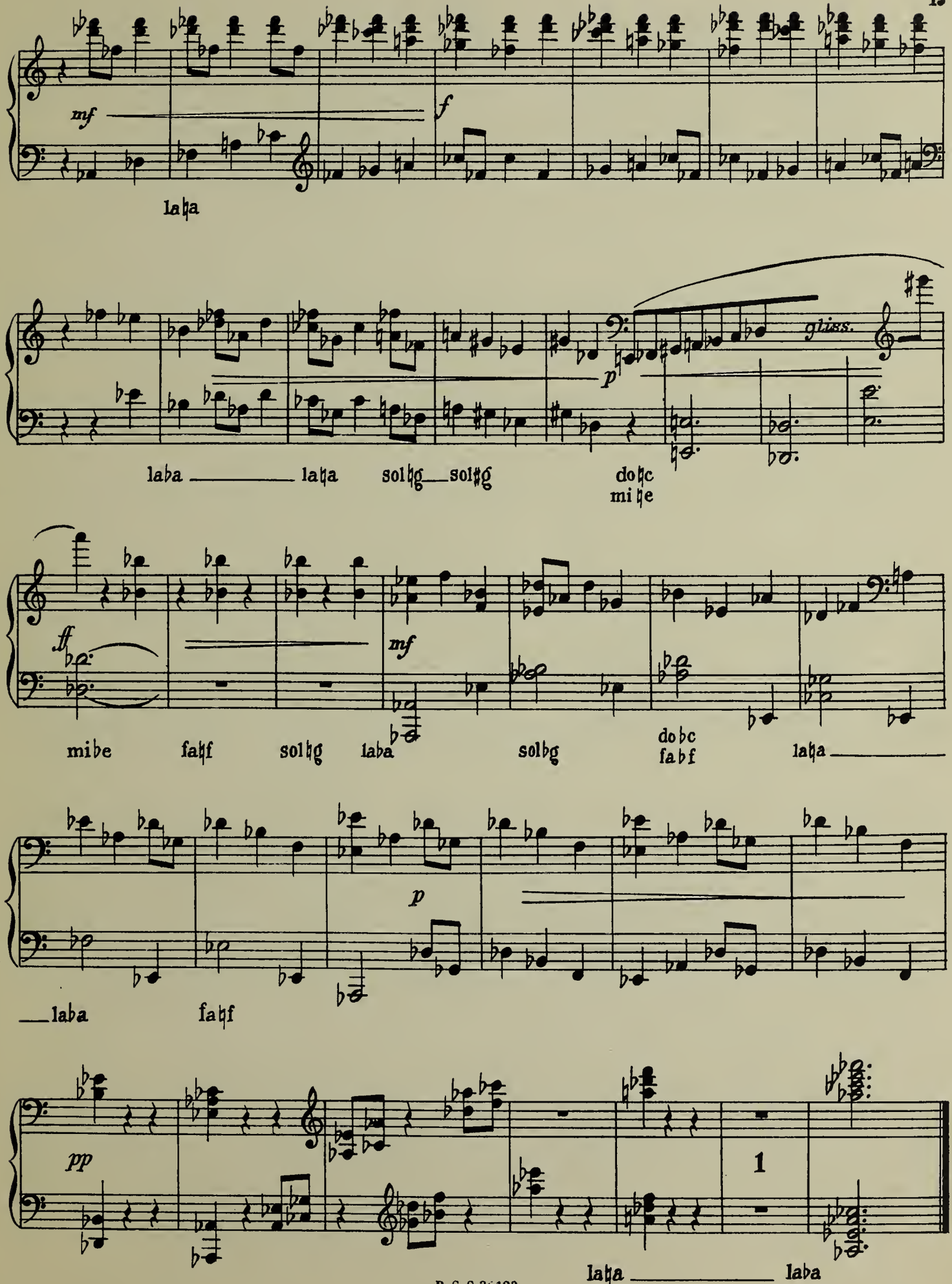
Lively (d. 80)




f
mf
doꞱc
dobc
fabf
solꞱg
laꞱa
laba
reꞱd
f
p
laꞱa
rebd
laba
mf
bring out!
doꞱc
faꞱf
solbg
dobc


f
fabf
8va
8va
3
doꝭc
faꝭf
3
solꝭg
fabf
reꝭd


f
mf
p
pp
laha
f
rebd
laba
solbg
fahf
mf
p
fabf
mf
mp
f


mf
f
laha
laba ___ laha solhg solfg
p
gliss.
dohc
mihe
ff
mf
mibe fahf solhg laba solbg
dobc
fabf
laha ___
p
___laba fahf
pp
1
laha ___ laba

III

LIED

Ihr Freunde, hänget, wann ich gestorben bin,
die kleine Harfe hinter dem Altar auf,
wo an der Wand die Totenkränze
manches verstorbenen Mädchens schimmern.

Der Küster zeigt dann freundlich dem Reisenden
die kleine Harfe, rauscht mit dem roten Band,
das, an der Harfe festgeschlungen
unter den goldenen Saiten flattert.

"Oft" sagt er staunend, "tönen im Abendrot
von selbst die Saiten leise wie Bienenton:
die Kinder, hergelockt vom Kirchhof,
hörtens, and sahn, wie die Kränze bebten."

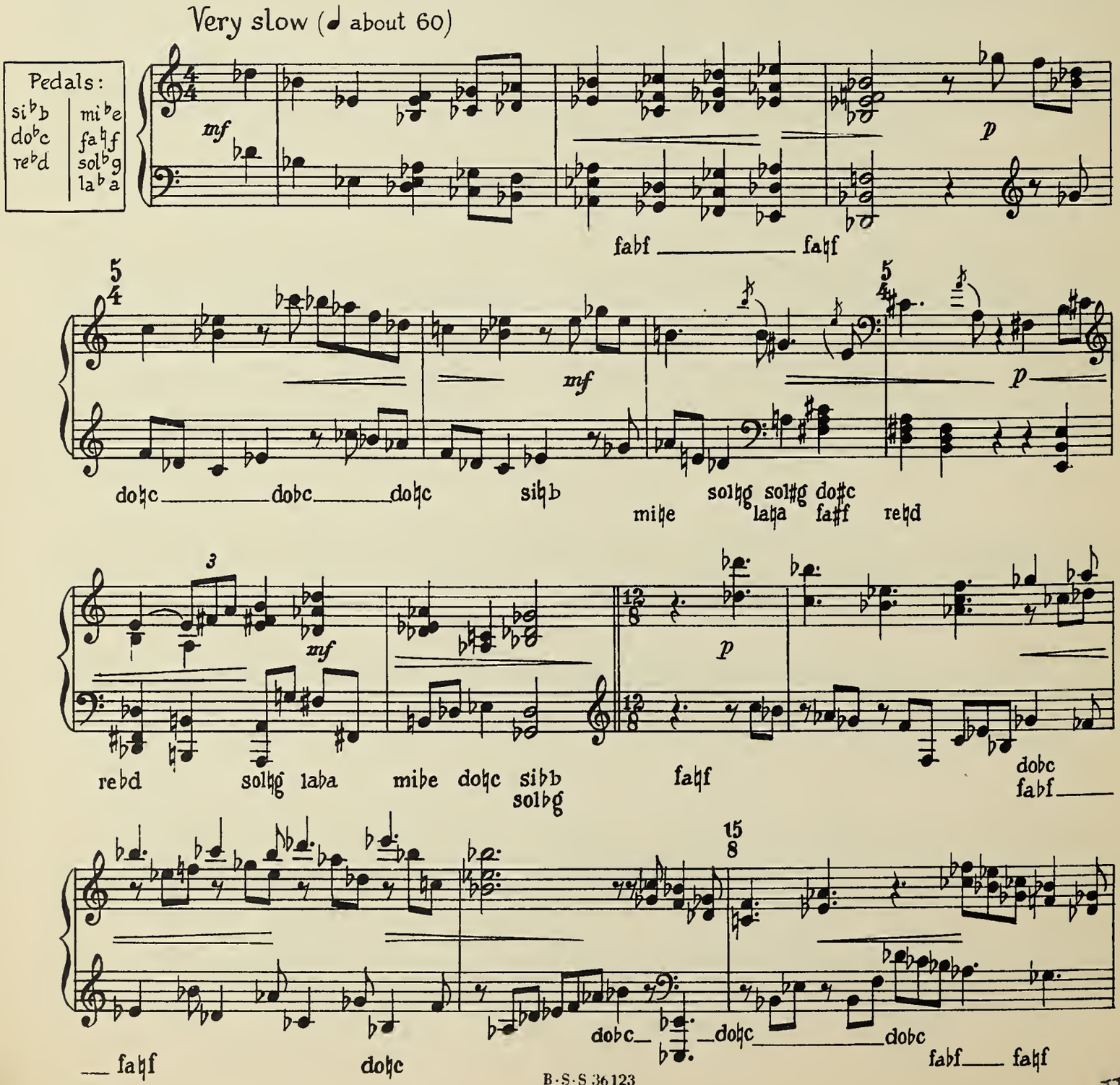
(*L. H. Chr. Hölty*)

SONG

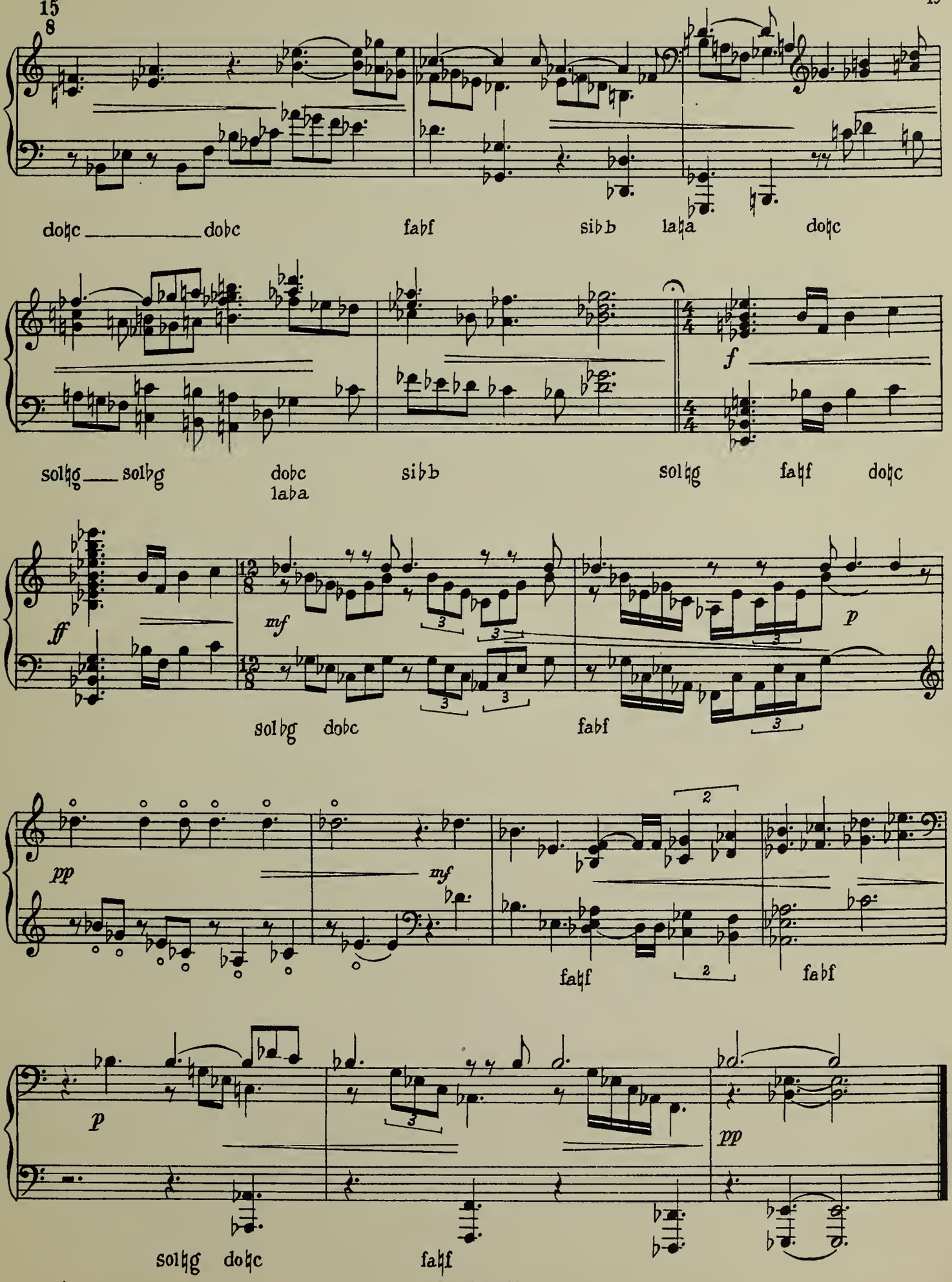
O my friends, when I am dead and gone,
Hang the little harp there behind the altar
Where on the wall the shimmering half-light catches
The funeral wreaths of many a departed maiden.

Then the good sexton will show the little harp
To visitors, stirring it to sound
As he touches the red riband that hangs from the harp
And floats beneath the golden strings.

"Often," he says in wonder, "at sunset,
The strings unbidden murmur like humming bees:
The children, called hither from the churchyard,
Have heard it, and seen the wreaths a-quiver."



UPB


15
8
doh c dob c
fa b f
si b b
la ba
doh c
sol hg sol bg
dob c
la ba
si b b
sol hg
fa hf
doh c
ff
mf
p
sol bg
dob c
fa b f
pp
mf
fa hf
fa b f
p
sol hg
doh c
fa hf
pp